

But this is certain, that the
 throne,
 which casts its shadow upon
 Mother's
 shrine, will burst like a bubble,
vanf
 ishing in the void.

Gunavati

Have mercy and save us,
 father,

Ragkupati

Ha, ha ! I am to save you,—
 you,
 the consort of a King who
 boasts of
 his kingdom in the earth
 and in
 heaven as well, before whom
 the gods
 and the Brahmins must,—Oh,
 shame !
 Oh, the evil age, when the
 Brahmin's
 futile curse recoils upon
 himself, **to**
 sting him into madness.

*[About to tear his sacrificial
 thread*]*

G-unavoM

[Preventing /wm.j Have
 mercy
 upon me.